Come, ſhall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarts curſe if falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name ſay, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble *Duke*? (his mind.

Biſh. Why you my L: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are near
Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know
But for his purpoſe in the Coron
I haue not ſounded him, nor he de
His graces pleaſure any way therei
But you my L. may name the time
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue
Which I preſume he will take in g
Biſh. Now in good time heere c

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all
I haue bene long a ſleepe, but now
My abſence doth neglect no great
Which by my preſence might hau
Buc. Had not you come vpon yo
William L. *Haſtings* had now prono
I meane your voyce for crowning
Glo. Then my L. *Haſtings*, no mar
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and l
Haſt. I thanke your grace.
Glo. My Lord of Elie.
Biſh. My Lord.
Glo. When I was laſt in Holborn
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your gar
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of t
Biſh. I goe my Lord.
Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in ou
And findes the teſty gentleman ſo
As he will looſe his head ere giue co
His maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull h
Shall looſe the royaltie of England
Buc. Withdraw you hence my L.
Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe t
To morrow in mine opinion is too
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouid
As elſe I would be, were the day pro

Enter the Biſhop of Elie.

Biſh. Where is my L. *Protector*, I

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